# The Wellesley Magazine

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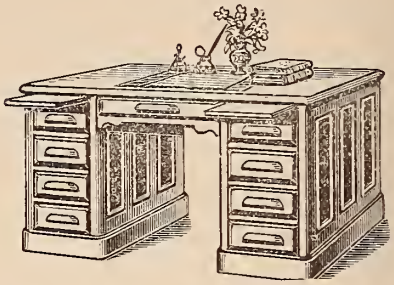

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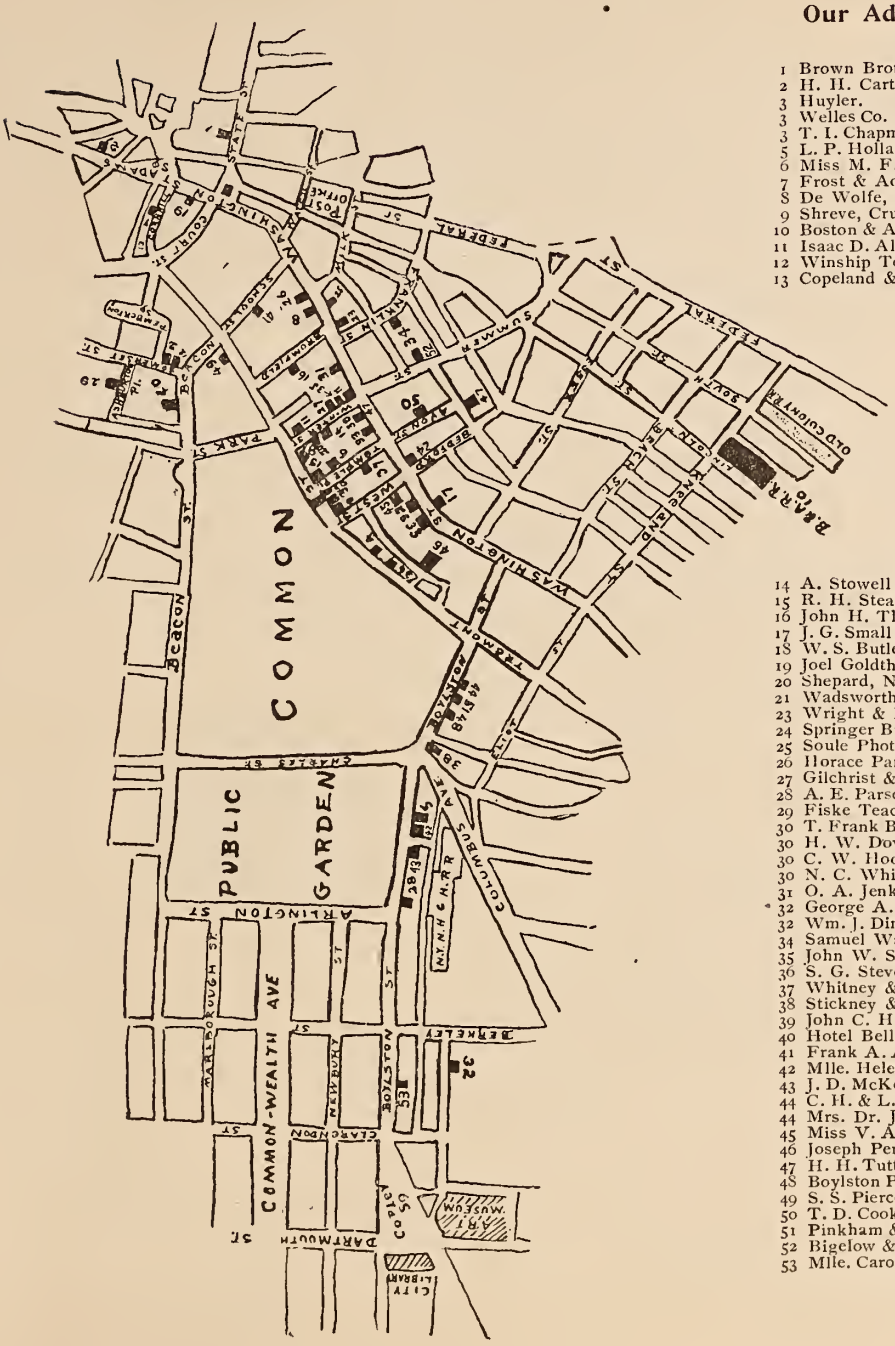


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# THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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## SOME COLLEGE TENDENCIES.

THE May *Scribner* gives a picture of Harvard undergraduate life in 1679, which it is hard to recognize as the grandfather of the University life of to-day. The bare room, guiltless of furnishings save for the stout chairs and rough table, the board floor and tiny-paned window, are not more unlike the luxurious apartments of the modern collegian than are the long-haired students with their clumsy boots and coarse clothing, a contrast to their successors of the nineteenth century. It is not necessary, however, to turn the pages back two hundred years to see the changes which have been wrought in college life,—changes deeper than the mere externals. The old age of a century, like that of an individual, tends to reminiscence, and the development of our colleges furnishes abundant material for such a looking backward. No change in college life during the last one hundred years has been more marked than that which has made it possible for women, so that at the close of this century, for the

first time, the discussion is as relative to the college woman as to the college man. In fact, already there are indications that soon the plea will come to give, not the girls, but the boys, a chance for higher education. One of our New England papers, speaking of the doubt felt both in England and America "concerning the literary and educational future of the men," mentions Mr. Bryce's prediction that "women would soon be monopolizing literature in Great Britain;" and the address by Professor Thurbur, of Chicago University, before the National Education Association in Milwaukee, in which he asks, "Where are the boys?" and states his reason for the question by referring to a high school graduating class of three boys and thirty-seven girls. Not long ago a professor in one of our leading colleges for men said to the writer, who was making a plea for the higher education of women on the ground of their narrower life, and consequently greater need, "The men of my acquaintance, and not the women, are in danger of a limited intellectual horizon. The women are well informed, 'up' in art, music, and literature, while the average man is too much occupied with business to keep in touch with the intellectual side of life." While Harvard has in the college proper nearly two thousand students, and Yale, Princeton, and Cornell follow close behind, with a host of smaller colleges to swell the number, it may be that there is no immediate cause for anxiety concerning the intellectual future of our brothers; but it is interesting, in the consideration of the question, to note the contrast between the close of the last century and this: then college training for women unknown; now a fear that they will crowd their brothers out of the intellectual arena!

No discussion of tendencies in the modern college can overlook the development of athletics, unless the fact that they have been so thoroughly discussed, both by their champions and by their opponents, should offer an excuse for ignoring them. To the non-college reader of the papers during the autumn and spring, it would seem that the great educational institutions of the country exist primarily as a suitable playground for some famous "half-back" or "pitcher," and that accomplishments in the line of scholarship are of little importance by the side of achievements which redound to the glory of "the team" or "the nine." That athletics have often forgotten their place, and have become in themselves an end

rather than a means in college life, is not to be disputed, but that they have a very necessary place is a fact which is often overlooked. The man who is in training is likely to be more, not less sound, mentally and morally, as well as physically. The fact that most forms of athletics require outdoor exercise, is in itself a strong plea in their favor, but there are other advantages as well. The training table precludes not only injurious food, but also late hours, smoking, drinking, and dissipation generally. In many instances the ball field becomes a moral agent, furnishing healthful diversion in place of that which is demoralizing,—a rest cure for tired nerves and brain, and a safety valve for the restless energies of American youth.

However necessary it may be to remind the students of the men's colleges that the maxim of the "Golden Mean" is as applicable on the field as in the class room, where they are generally not averse to remembering it, that caution has not as yet become imperative in our colleges for women. More rather than less physical exercise should be the text of the sermon preached to them. Although for the last few years the tendency has been toward an increase of gymnasium practice, and outdoor sports, rowing, basket-ball, tennis, golf, and wheeling have become a feature of college life, the millennium is by no means reached. Athletics are still confined too exclusively to a limited class, and have not yet become, as they should, as essential a part of every student's programme as her breakfast or dinner. The plea of "no time" is not an excuse; rather it is an argument on the other side, for active out-of-door exercise makes time, furnishing a vigorous brain which can work harder and faster, a strong body, not so liable to be handicapped by aches and pains, and a power of concentration which is invaluable.

A professor in one of our colleges who has in his classes both men and women, in speaking of the greater nervous strain felt by the latter in doing the same amount of work, said that in his opinion it was due very largely to the fact that a man rushed from the class room to a ball field, and left all his cares behind him, while a woman carefully carried hers wherever she went, having no vigorous physical exercise to clear her mind as well as strengthen her body.

A tendency not to be ignored is that of increased interest in the prac-

tical. The time was, and that not very long ago, when all aspirants for a degree had to travel the same road. The would-be doctor, merchant, or lawyer spent as many hours on the classics as the man who intended to make them his profession. All freshmen were put into the same mould, and all seniors bore the same stamp, more or less indelibly impressed. The elective system, and the increased number of courses, with their varying character, made it possible for a student to take a college course without feeling that he was diverting four years of his life into lines of study which would be of no practical use to him. On the other hand, the demand of men who wished collegiate training, but were unwilling to have it limited to a classical course, forced the college to broaden its curriculum. It may be, too, that the competition of the great schools of technology had its influence in bringing about the introduction of scientific and mechanical courses of the most practical nature. To-day, in many of our colleges the workshop supplements the class room, and mechanical and civil engineering offer a strong inducement to men who would not feel that they could spare time for the former classical training. Nor is this tendency indicated in mechanical lines alone, or only in the colleges for men. Among women, as well as men, the tendency is toward the practical in education. There is increased interest in modern history, and in that of our own country, in the art of government, the laws underlying trade and industry, in the study of social conditions, and in other sciences bearing directly upon life. Note the development within the last quarter of a century in the departments of American history, political economy, political science, sociology, and biology.

President Andrews, in an article in the September *Cosmopolitan* on "Two New Educational Ideals," lays stress upon the importance of biology in the college curriculum,—biology, "in the largest sense, . . . including botany, zoölogy, and the entire range of social science ; viz., political economy, political history, and the science of sociology and of government." His reason for this emphasis is on the ground of increased ability for usefulness to humanity, suffering and dying because of "lack of fuller biological knowledge," and to society, which "suffers hardly less from its ignorance of its own structures and laws." The article is a strong expression of the tendency which a close observer of college life must admit, and which promises

a broader and more helpful influence from our colleges than under the old system. As in every progressive movement, there is need of a word of caution. In his zeal for the practical, the student must not forget that there are lines of study which weighed in utilitarian scales might be found wanting, and yet which in their power to enrich life and character are invaluable. The beautiful has a mission no less noble than the useful, and art, æsthetics, poetry, music, whatever form its expression may take, cannot be "counted out" of education which is liberal in the true sense of the word. Rather would it seem that there is an added reason in this essentially practical age for the student to turn his thought toward the ideal.

Laboratory methods are so marked a characteristic of the college training of to-day, that it is hard to believe that physical sciences were once "learned" from a text-book, and experiments glibly recited by students who never saw the inside of a laboratory, or proved one of the statements which they made. But the laboratory method is by no means confined to scientific departments; rather it has invaded almost all branches of collegiate instruction, and may rightly be included among the tendencies of the day. The college student is no longer content to limit himself to the storing of facts accumulated by the investigations of others. In history, original investigation or work from the sources, has resulted in an increase of monographs, particularly from the graduate schools of the colleges, many of which are a real contribution to knowledge. In psychology, pedagogy, and sociology students conduct their own investigations, supplementing the work of the class room by studies often of the first importance in the discovery or development of new theories, or in the overthrow of the old, thus doing a most practical work toward the better understanding of humanity and society. In all this it is not difficult to trace the influence of German scholarship, laying emphasis upon accurate and exhaustive treatment of a limited field rather than upon a broad, general knowledge of a subject. That this method may be carried to an extreme is not impossible. A student who has once tasted the delight of original work is liable to find the older methods of study humdrum and commonplace, and to neglect the necessary basis of a thorough general knowledge of a subject, without which the specialized work must be narrow and unsatisfactory.

It is impossible in a short article to consider the changes and progress in the college curriculum. There are, however, some branches of study whose

introduction indicates a tendency in the college training of to-day. That it is important for a teacher to know not only *what* to teach, but *how* to teach it, is a truth which educators have long realized; but it is only recently that the college has awakened to the importance of the matter, and has offered to its students the opportunity of learning how to give to others that which they have received. Some of our colleges have already established chairs of pedagogy; in others the science is taught in connection with other departments, and wherever it has been introduced the welcome which it has received proves its need.

Another department of collegiate instruction which has been not only developed, but in many instances introduced within a short time, is that of Bible Study. Chicago University, with its strong interest in this line of work and its long list of courses under eminent instructors, has doubtless had an influence in awakening this interest. Probably, too, the realization that ignorance of the English Bible was increasing and threatening the very foundations of sound learning, is largely responsible for the introduction or development of this department of instruction.

Last, but by no means least in the tendencies of college education, may be noted specialization and graduate study. It is said of a college president of a generation ago, that a half-hour's warning was sufficient to prepare him to take the place of any member of his faculty in the class room; an ideal which is necessarily becoming one of the past. The advance in scholarship has been great; in place of a little learning spread very thin over a broad surface, the specialist gives thorough and often exhaustive treatment of some one subject, his own contribution to knowledge.

If there is an element of danger in this tendency, it lies in the temptation to overdo it. The president of a New England school, in a recent address, spoke of over-specialization as "resulting in caricature," the aim of education being "the well-proportioned, evenly balanced personality" which "would not do away with the specialist, . . . but only with the over-specialist, who can see nothing but his specialty, and who would make that the standard for deciding the destinies of all men, both here and hereafter."

In no department of the college has growth been more rapid than in graduate work. The young woman of yesterday, who, at graduation, laid her books on the shelf with a sigh of relief that at last her education was

"finished," has departed, and in her place appears her younger sister, looking upon undergraduate study only as a corner stone upon which to build her specialized work.

The ideal of education is of something more than the mere accumulation of facts. To quote again from the article by Dr. Andrews, "What we need is scholars, well-rounded thinkers, men of broad and generous mental sympathies." Is it true that there is "poverty of thinking power" in our modern college, and that notwithstanding the increased facilities for education, and almost universal interest in it, the results are disappointing, and the "cases of gigantic mental output" a thing of the past? The complaint that there is "no time to think" is only too common among undergraduate students, and it behooves us to stop in this day of many electives and seriously question whether in our zeal for acquirement we are losing the real mental development which should be our aim. The instructor should stimulate thought on the part of his students, and should allow, in fact encourage, freedom of expression. Probably the latter question has never been more thoroughly discussed in educational circles than during the last summer, when it was well said that "the proper function" of a university was to inspire young men (and young women!) with the love of truth and knowledge, and with freedom and openness of mind to teach how these are to be attained. The question whether it is a good thing for the community that the public statement of unpopular opinions, or opinions judged erroneous, should be restrained, was answered with the stirring declaration from the Areopagitica: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to undoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?"

To quote from an article on the subject by Professor Royce: "The world's truth is to be found only through the errors of men. The road to light leads through discussion, and even mischievous opinion must often be tolerated, that the higher stages of insight and conduct may be attained." The ability to think, a singleness of aim in thought, namely the attainment of truth, and sincerity in the expression of thought, should be our intellectual ideals.

MARY E. WOOLLEY.

## THE APPRECIATION OF MR. JELLISON.

THE dining table was set for ten. As yet, the only table guest present was a huge bluebottle fly, who solemnly crawled, with sticky tread, over the undulating surface of the much-creased tablecloth. He had success in his search for food until he came to a long stretch of unspotted table cover. After exploring this desert in vain for the oases of his former travels, the fly, with a buzz of disgust, flew off to join his fellows in their riotous occupation of dancing upside down on the low ceiling, or of banging their heads against the narrow, hot window panes.

In the midst of this humming quiet, the sound of the dinner bell broke with challenging clamor. As promptly as an actor replies to his cue, a thin little man stole in through the softly opened door, glided across the floor, and slipped into a low chair at the most remote corner of the table. There he sat, with folded hands and meekly bowed head, while the other boarders straggled in and took their respective seats. Lastly, Mrs. Jellison herself steamed in, puffing, as she steered the whole of her ponderous frame to its accustomed place, and deposited it with a plump in the broad armchair by the side of her diminutive husband. Then, with a comprehensive glance at her table companions, she launched forth into a voluble German-English dissertation on heat, flies, and heavy people. She, as representative of the Jellison family, monopolized the conversation. Mr. Jellison evidently acted on the principle that one genius was enough for one family.

Mrs. Jellison cleverly led the conversation around from heat to literature. Then ensued a sharp discussion, between Mrs. Jellison and herself, of the merits of a certain book of which no one remembered the author. Mr. Jellison supplied the information by a word. At the sound of his voice every one looked up. It gave them much the same feeling that Alice had when the Dormouse spoke. In the midst of the expectant hush Mr. Jellison arose and slipped from the room.

His actions, when he reached his own room, might seem strange to an observer. He locked the door, then tiptoed across the floor, and stood in front of a little looking-glass, which he carefully tilted until he could see his whole small height within. As he looked at his narrow chest, his thin, crooked legs, his queer, big head, with its large ears and pinched

little face,—as he looked at himself in detail, his huge spectacles became suddenly misty and blurred, so that he had to wipe them with his handkerchief. Then he put them on again and surveyed himself anew, while his lips formed again and again one word, "Why?" "Why?" In a low, distinct whisper he said beseechingly to the looking-glass, "I only want to be appreciated." With sad but never-failing hope, he turned to his desk and wrote busily.

Two months afterwards upon the desk in Mr. Jellison's room lay a small book, bound in blue cloth with gold stars on its covers. About this shrine Mr. Jellison tiptoed in a speechless ecstacy of delight. He frequently took out his handkerchief and passed it, in a bewildered fashion, over his eyes and forehead. Once he stooped down and looked earnestly at the book, while his fingers nervously opened and shut. An expression of almost childish joy passed over his face as he quickly clasped the precious volume. But no sooner had he touched the blue covers, shining with all the glory of perfect newness, than he drew back as though they had burned him. He shook his head reprovingly, then carefully opened the desk and drew out another little copy, precisely like the first except for its old look. The stars on the covers were faded and worn with much caressing, while the book dropped open of itself to the title page. There was no hesitation in Mr. Jellison's movements as he clasped this copy. As he looked at the name of the author, in neat black letters, "Bingham A. Jellison," his mouth worked curiously, and his spectacles bobbed with a sympathetic movement.

"Now," said Mr. Jellison, as he looked at his watch, "it is almost dinner time. They will soon know."

Then he sat and smoothed the blue covers, and fingered lovingly each of the one hundred and twenty-three gold stars, and waited impatiently for the dinner bell.

"Now," thought he, "they must be seated at table. The maid will have had time to come and go, and everything will be quiet."

With a trembling hand he carefully lifted the fresh copy, and glided into the dining room. As he quietly entered, he noticed how everybody glanced up indifferently, and how, when they saw who had entered, they went on talking and eating. He experienced a queer thrill when he thought of how changed everything would be in a minute.

Silently he slipped into his chair and laid the book by his wife's plate. As she took it up and saw the author's signature, she gazed in mild astonishment at the little man beside her. Then she reached over and pinched his ear, saying: "Ach! what a queer man!"

Mr. Jellison waited, with eyes bent on his plate, for the comments of the others. Then to the little man, so hungry for hero worship, the young man opposite remarked in a cheerful tone, as he carefully buttered a roll, "Well, Jellison, I've always known you were queer."

NINA FOSTER POOR, 1900.

## ANOTHER "TRUE STORY."

MY room was on the first floor of the College Hall building, in a very noisy part of the house; in fact, just opposite the elevator. All day long that sepulchral machine, with its alternate bumping and hissing, had been trundling up and down between the fifth and the first floor. Finally in the evening, about half past nine, it stopped its stiff-jointed thumps, and I had to solace myself with the buzzing of the June bugs as they batted against the electric light over my head. Every once in a while they became so dazzled by the mingled intellectual and electric light of the institution, that they buzzed blindly in my face, or settled, dazed and confused, on the page of my book, Goethe's "Iphigenie."

Goethe's "Iphigenie" and half a dozen other German books all to be read within forty-eight hours! The text fairly danced before my eyes, and suddenly a great big, black, blurred letter would rise up from the rest, walk out of the page, and remark, "Read me if you can." Confident of victory, back it went to the page; for poor eyes, poor light, and poor print are enough to confound a Minerva or even a Wellesley "grind." Fifty pages read, and just seventy-five more to do. Almost half waded through. I had just begun to murmur to myself, as Alice did: "'Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?'" and sometimes, "'Do bats eat cats?'" Nor could I have answered either question, nor did it much matter, for I must have read twenty-five pages more. Seventy-five pages. Let me see, that must be a little over half the book; only fifty more and "Iphigenie" would be done. To be

sure, what a relief it would be to have it out of the way. The pillows behind my head began to feel like rocks on the seashore, and my African fiber-top mattress like the flat top of a great big boulder. Truly, the only thing neeessary to make me believe myself in one of those delightful seaside summer resorts, was a moon. It certainly is queer that the electric light should look so hazy, round, and full, and with a soft radiance just like a full moon rising up over the silvery, rippling sea. Oh, dear me! what in the world is the matter with my thoughts? If Iphigenie would only get Orestes out of that fix, and finish it up in the good old-fashioned way, and every one be happy ever after, what a fine thing it would be to go to sleep on. Thank fortune there are only twenty-five pages more.

I am glad that he was saved, anyway, but it seems a pity that she had such a hard time; women always do have a hard time, espeeially those who vote. What a blessing it is to have the light out and to hear the drowsy chirp of the erickets, the oceasional thud of a desperate June bug against the transom as it endeavors to escape into the lighted hall. The noises are so soft and slow,—just a gentle hum, hum, or a drowsy whirr; it scems almost as if I could hear the wind blowing over the grass outside my open window. I wonder if any one ever tried to get in that way? It would be such a simple thing for a thief to erawl in. It seems to me that if I were a thief— . . . "Dinah, my dear, I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid; but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" Dear me, as I was thinking, it would be a very simple thing for a thief to crawl in. I wonder why New England spinsters always look under their beds at night? Is it the New England spinster or is it the bed? O, no, I remember now; it is the thief looks under . . . looks under . . .

Good heavens! what was that touched my covers? Why is it that covers always slide off on a warm night, or a warm night always slides off on . . . slides off . . . O, really, it is very provoking for them to keep sliding off in that stupid way. It is twelve o'clock already, and there are only six hours more of sleep. . . . When Iphigenie, stepping over the polished marble floor of the temple, beekoning to the king, shc . . . when she . . . when she . . . when sleep . . .

Horrors! the eovers were being gently drawn off me. In an instant

my mind was wide awake, and I knew that I had been dozing, sleepily trying to account for their persistent falling off. Like a flash I knew that some one was beside the couch; I thought of the open window, of the queer noises so unusually loud for June bugs, and of my unconscious drowsiness. Not a moment was to be lost. When I jumped, I must jump over him in the direction of the door, seize the knob somehow, open the door and scream for help. I was just nerving myself for the jump and rising silently, when a pillow was thrust in my face,—not "a pillow," but the familiar soft, red China silk pillow which I had covered, and knew by the touch.

It effectually stifled my screams; it smothered me; but I fought and grasped the rough coat sleeve of a man, which I held with all my might while I tried to struggle to my feet. Pulling the man toward me by my desperate hold, I was just getting on my feet when I felt a rope slipped quickly under my arms. Slowly I was dragged over my pillows and toward the window. In vain I tried to scream, in vain I fought with my hands, and grasped wildly for something to hold on to; that irresistible force was slowly and now more rapidly drawing me out the window. The mattress slipped from my fingers, the curtain was wrenched from me, the window sill was slipping, when suddenly with a scream,—I awoke. The night watchman was standing outside my door, swinging his lantern. He stood there a minute or two, and then I heard the noise of his carpet-slippered tread growing fainter and fainter; and the light of his lantern danced farther and farther up my wall, till it skipped out over the transom.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS, '99.

## THE FRAGRANT BAY.

About the salty water edge,
  Where rocks lie thick with sand between,
'Mong coarse, rank grass and hoary sedge,
  There grows a small, low bush of green.

When all things else are coarse and dry,
  As blighted by the salt sea spray,
Where'er the sand will thickest lie,
  There springeth up the hardy bay.

Little it recks of former years
Of ice-bound shores and ice-brought soil;
Still less it knows of smiles and tears,
And human joy and human toil.

When crushed by random, careless feet,
It sendeth forth no venomed breath;
But still a spicy odor sweet
It yieldeth up its soul in death.

Beside the water's troubled edge,
Where never bloom the joys of May,
In yellow sand, 'twixt ledge and ledge,
Still grows the faithful, fragrant bay.

KATE WATKINS TIBBALS, '99.

## FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WELLESLEY FRESHMAN.

COLLEGE HALL, WELLESLEY.

*Sept. 20, 1893.*—A steamy moisture pervades Wellesley. I have been here three days, and through all that time rain has poured without stopping. Lucy Cuttington, my roommate, sits across the table, behind the student lamp, writing to her father. All the while she is crying softly. It is childish for her to be so homesick when she is a little over nineteen, two whole years older than I. She lives in Portland, Oregon. I have never known a girl from the far West before. I doubt if I shall like her. I really know no one well yet. Miss Beechman, a senior at the head of our dining table, has invited me to go for a walk with her to-morrow. If only my trunks would come so that I could set the room in order, or if the sun would shine so that I could go out doors, I should feel less dismal.

*Sept. 27.*—Regular recitations began nearly a week ago. The class in Bible is almost like a Sunday school. The instructor finished her talk to-day by inviting us to attend the weekly prayer meetings. I dislike the whole religious spirit of the College. At morning prayers the girls all kneel for silent prayer. My roommate was annoyed at the prayer meeting invitation, but since she is a high-church Episcopalian she approves of the silent prayer. We two had a hot religious discussion yesterday. I believe I am the only Universalist here.

*Oct. 1.*—Tuesday I went for a walk around the lake with Miss Beechman, the senior at our table. She is a small girl, with wavy dark hair and bright brown eyes. We sat a long time under a big oak, talking. She said she was going to play I was her little sister, and that I was to call her Katherine. Afterward, she asked me to tell her my troubles. I told her that Lucy frowns if I do not make my bed straight after breakfast. She laughed, and said Lucy was cross, and that I had a perfect right to do as I chose. I see no reason why I should inconvenience myself simply to please Lucy.

*Oct. 15.*—To-day Katherine Beechman and I paddled up the little creek that flows from the lake into the Charles River. We both felt half sad to think that the free outdoor season is almost gone. The rusted lily pads twisted around our paddle blades, and the small black cones crumbled down and caught in Katherine's wavy hair. After a little a dam stopped us, and we sat in the sunshine watching the light on the yellowed leaves floating away down stream. Two freshmen rowed up singing rollicking college songs so loud that our pleasure was spoiled, and we paddled away. I am disappointed. I had expected to find college girls intellectual. And now that I meet them, especially the freshmen, they tell unending, monotonous stories of their home life. One girl whom I met this morning for the first time talked an hour of her brother at Cornell.

*Nov. 15.*—I spent this evening with Miss Elwell, our instructor in English Literature. She is a severe-looking little woman, with nothing superfluous about her dress. She brushes her hair into a tight little knot at the back of her head, and she wears a plain reefer coat with a short skirt. Outdoors her soft felt hat is usually pushed down over her eyes. You forget her clothes when she begins to talk. To-night she told stories of her life during a year she spent studying in the Bodleian Library. I cannot understand why, but Katherine does not seem to like Miss Elwell. When I was talking of her to-night Katherine laughed and rumpled my hair. "Little one, that is a great deal of admiration to waste on an old maid in a frumpy gown," she said with a little shrug.

*Dec. 10.*—This whole day has gone wrong. I never can wake myself in the morning, and to-day Lucy forgot to call me, so that I was too late to have any breakfast. I failed in mathematics. I work continually, but I can make no headway. Then the dean sent to know why my light burned last

night after ten. It is unreasonable for the faculty to expect all the work required if we cannot sit up after that ridiculously early hour. Miss Elwell, when she saw me crying this afternoon, said, "My dear, you should learn more self-control." I do not believe she ever had such an uncomfortable day. Freshmen were not required to recite fifteen hours in a week when she was in college.

If it were not for Katherine I should be utterly wretched. She tucked me up among the cushions on her couch this evening while she brewed tea. She knows how to be sympathetic without advising self-control. I felt in good spirits again when I started for my room, but Lucy had turned the student lamp low and gone to bed. She will do that even though she knows how I hate fumbling about in the half dark. The smouldering wick smelled rank, so I opened the windows. I know the night air hurts Lucy's throat, but then, I cannot endure the odor of kerosene. And, at least, I should have my way half the time.

*Jan. 8, 1894.*—We are back again after the Christmas holidays. When I went home I did not realize how glad I should be to see Wellesley after the three weeks at home. I did not think that I liked Lucy, but I was disappointed when I found she was not coming until this morning. Perhaps I was cross last term when she was homesick and tired. Mother thinks it would be better if I spent more time with Lucy instead of being so much with Katherine. Mother seems not to like Katherine. When I told her how she petted me when my work went wrong, mother lifted her eyebrows, in an uncomfortable way she has, and said: "You have had too much petting all your life, my daughter. I hoped you would not find it at college."

Lucy wants me to go to Boston with her to-morrow. Of course I cannot, for to-morrow is Katherine's birthday. I want to spend all my time with her. I have ordered a quantity of bride roses for her birthday.

*Jan. 30.*—The mid-year examinations have begun. For days I have worked until my brain feels giddy. Last night Lucy and I did our best to keep each other from growing faint-hearted. Before we went to bed we sang all the liveliest songs we knew. Miss Elwell helps me more than Katherine in my discouragement. She said yesterday that if I am brave, and do the best I can, nobody expects more. Katherine only laughs and shakes her head,—I wonder if she knows how pretty she looks doing it,—and

says, "Have some tea, little one, and forget the tests." Still, nobody is so sweet as Katherine. She and I are going sleigh riding to-morrow. If only I can pass all the examinations I shall be the happiest girl in the world.

*Feb. 10.*—I have passed every examination. To-night Miss Elwell told me that she was pleased with the work I have done in literature. And then she said I needed to practice more self-control. Why must she always leave a taste of bitter with her sweet? When she spoke I wonder if she was thinking of the night when she came in and found me in hysterics. Perhaps I could have helped that.

*Feb. 15.*—Lucy and I went skating to-night. Our strokes match famously. Katherine was with a freshman who has just moved up from the village and come to our dining table.

*Mar. 7.*—Two days ago Lucy's father died suddenly. She is going to stay through the year. I thought in September that she was childish, but now, in real sorrow, I never saw a girl so brave. She tries to laugh and study with us all day, but at night she scarcely sleeps. She looks worn under her sorrow. It is hard to write, but I am disappointed in Katherine. She has stopped coming to our room, because she cannot bear to see Lucy in her sad black gown. The other day she asked me to go skating. It was just after Lucy received that dreadful telegram, and I could not leave her. I explained to Katherine, but she would not understand. She went to walk with the freshman who has come to our table. I am afraid that underneath, Katherine does not care. I stopped at her room on my way up from the lecture to-night, and I found her smoothing the new girl's hair, just as last term she did mine. Why did she make herself so dear, if she did not care?

*Mar. 20.*—This evening Miss Elwell came in with "Margaret Ogilvy" in her hand. She read aloud from it while Lucy and I darned stockings. She has come often since Lucy's father died. I think she knows that Lucy finds it hard to talk since her sorrow came. To-night when I told her how much her coming helped Lucy, she acted so strange. She looked straight into my eyes for a minute, and then suddenly she bent her head and kissed me. "I knew you were not really selfish," she said.

*Apr. 10.*—I am glad I am alive to-day. The April balm in the air made me feel vaguely restless, so I went for a pull on the lake. A willow tree on the low bank had blossomed in clusters of pale, feathery green; and

a pioneer bullfrog croaked cheerfully among the sprouting lily pads. As I pulled, I delighted in the unwonted thrill tingling in my arms and the fresh wind stinging against my cheeks.

I wish I did not feel so bitter against Katherine. I saw her wandering through the meadow with that new girl, and I grew vindictive in an instant.

*Apr. 21.*—I have been listening to Doctor Lyman Abbott, in the college chapel. When I came last fall I had never heard a really good sermon that was not preached by either a Universalist or a Unitarian. I really thought that all the cultured clergymen belonged to those two sects. I never argue with Lucy about theology now. It matters little if she is a high-church Episcopalian so long as her faith could give her so much help after her father's death.

*May 4.*—Since Miss Elwell explained the need of the ten o'clock retiring rule for our general comfort, it has seemed easier not to break it. The rules all do have a purpose, I suppose, and our college spirit ought to make us obedient.

*May 19.*—The girl who rooms across the hall, has just gone out. She has been talking with Lucy about Keats's poetry. How well those two girls talk. And what scant justice I did them at the beginning of the year. I thought Lucy childish, and our friend across the corridor commonplace. She carries her head awkwardly forward. Her eyes have an unpleasant squint, and she giggles half hysterically when she begins to speak. She knows more about poetry than any other girl I have yet met.

*June 10.*—Lucy and I are going to room together next year. What a good temper she had to endure me last fall, when I was so determined to have my share of every comfort. It is worth coming to college just to know how brave a college girl can be. Lucy stands at the head of her chemistry class in spite of her sorrow.

And Katherine?—well,—Katherine is not a true college girl. She knows how to preside gracefully at a tea. My bitterness toward her is gone. I have only a memory of love, with a sweet sting, left.

*June 24.*—To-morrow morning I am going home. Lucy left yesterday for the Adirondacks. I am sitting in my dismantled room on the last night of my freshman year, writing. Miss Elwell and I have just come in from a last paddle on the lake. I never realized Wellesley before: the long, dark

shadows of the trees on the starlit water, the far-away, half-musical trill of the frogs, and the heavy, sweet odor of the wild honeysuckle overhanging the bank. We drifted a long time, leaving a rippling, silent trail on the smooth water. Miss Elwell was lying back among the cushions in the stern, while I guided the boat with my paddle. She sat a long time without speaking, with her clear, gray eyes fixed upon me. By and by she smiled a little, and said in her direct way, "My dear, you are more womanly to-day than I dared hope the first time I saw you early last fall in a pet with your room-mate." I was all tingling with happiness, for I have grown to hold Miss Elwell's good opinion dear. Perhaps it was the dark, or perhaps because I am almost a sophomore,—anyway I dared tell her how much I owe to her help. Then I asked her why she bothered with a selfish, uninteresting freshman. She hesitated a little before she spoke, and then said: "My dear, you are very like a little girl whom I knew extremely well at Vassar, in the freshman class in '83. I wanted this Wellesley freshman to start straight." That was the fall Miss Elwell entered Vassar. I wonder could she have meant herself.

SARA S. EMERY, '98.

## GOOD-BYE.

She blew the dust of the holiday
From Goethe and Milton, Kant and Gray,
And thought how the weeks had stol'n away
Her summer.

She leaned on her oar in a quiet place,
With the slanting sunlight on her face,
And watched the day as it dimmed apace,
The last of summer.

She donned her senior cap and gown,
And thought of a blue frock folded down
With one rose,—slowly turning brown
Since summer.

O for the days by the green, glad sea,
The nights of music and mystery,
The roses and—all that used to be
With summer!

## A GLEE-CLUB STORY.

"WELL, you fellows are the stupidest set I ever saw! Wake up, somebody, and be sociable!" With these words Thomas Titcomb, known to his college friends as Tommy, sent his book flying at a lazy figure across the aisle. Just then the train lurched around a sharp curve, and so rudely disturbed the peaceful slumbers of J. Wentworth Eliott, that it only needed the sounding thump of Tommy's book to rouse him from his comfortable corner. He sat up and glared wrathfully around, rubbing his head.

"Hard luck, old man," laughed Tommy; "didn't know I was such a good shot! But I say, wake up. You'll feel about as brilliant as an owl if you sleep all the afternoon, so come on and be jolly. I long for some diversion."

"Well, go sit on the cow-catcher, and let me alone," grumbled J. Wentworth, settling back for another doze; "should think you'd get diversion enough every night to suit you."

"It is evident you got too much last night," returned Tommy, serenely. "Chicago society seems to have soured your sweet disposition;" and with this parting shot he sauntered off down the car in search of livelier company.

At the other end four of his friends were playing whist; others lounged around in easy-chairs reading and smoking; one or two sat writing letters. All of them seemed in a more or less collapsed condition, and probably you would have agreed with Tommy in his frankly expressed opinion of the company. That is to say, unless you had been at the Chicago Auditorium the night before, and heard these same young men singing their way into the hearts of a large and enthusiastic audience. For, in fact, they are the members of a far-famed college glee club, now off on the annual "Christmas trip," in all the grandeur of a private car.

It is not strange that they all seemed worn out on the afternoon in question. Considering what they had been through, the wonder is that they had any life left. For two weeks these college men had been singing in different large cities, and everywhere society had thrown open her doors to give them a princely welcome. Luncheons, receptions, dinners, dances,

had showered upon these favored youths day after day and night after night. Not a single member of the club had failed to be present at every one of these festivities,—a fact that might indicate either strong powers of endurance, or a reluctance to paying the fine of three dollars for being absent.

"It's a good thing all right," said Tommy, stopping to watch the silent whist players, "that there are only two more concerts ahead of these worn-out warblers."

"That's so," yawned the president of the club; "if we strike a cold audience our reputation might suffer. By the way, Tommy, will you take Walter Ewing's solos to-night? He's laid up,—tonsils out of whack, so to speak,—and you're the only man to fill his place."

"Worse and worse," groaned Tommy; "I am rather hoarse myself, but give me some lemons and I'll do my best. Only trouble is I don't know the lines."

"O, you musn't mind a little thing like that. One of the fellows who does will stand right behind you, and say them in your ear as you go along—too easy;" and the president dismissed the matter with a wave of the hand.

Tommy passed on, saying he guessed he'd wander through the train to see if he had any friends aboard.

"Don't forget that our car is switched off at Stockton," the manager called after him; but the whistle shrieked just then, and Tommy didn't hear.

It so happened that in the New York sleeper, four cars ahead, Miss Marjorie Dallam sat, reading a magazine. She was getting a bit tired of traveling alone, and wished heartily for something to cut into the monotony of the long afternoon. As she turned to watch her fellow-passengers, in the hope of finding some one interesting, a tall young man came through the doorway. He saw her at once, and softly ejaculating under his breath, "Margie Dallam, by Jove! My little high-school friend grown pretty;" he quickly made his way down the aisle.

Miss Dallam glanced up, and gave a start of surprise as she exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Titcomb, can it really be you?" Tommy hastened to assure her that it really was he,—and straightway they both forgot the world around them.

Late in the afternoon Tommy stopped the conductor on one of his rounds, and said, "How soon will the Glee Club car be switched off for Detroit?"

The conductor looked at him sharply, and then answered as he punched a ticket, "My dear sir, the Glee Club car is seventy-five miles away by this time."

Tommy sprang to his feet. "Where was it taken off? How long ago? Confound it, why didn't somebody tell me?"

The conductor shrugged his shoulders, and said something about people knowing their own affairs. Tommy asked excitedly where he could get off to make the shortest connections for Detroit, only to be told that the train did not stop until it reached Huntsville, at 7.50. He sank into his seat with a groan, and the conductor went on collecting tickets.

Silence reigned for a minute. Miss Dallam was struck dumb with dismay; Tommy sat staring straight ahead of him, and said nothing, which was just as well, for he looked unutterable things. Presently a man across the aisle leaned over, and said something in a low tone, whereupon Tommy, hastily asking Miss Dallam to excuse him, left his seat.

After a short conversation, which was very earnest, as Miss Dallam could see by watching the reflection in the window glass, Tommy came back, and sitting down beside her began, nervously: "You see what an awful box I am in, Miss Dallam. Our car was switched off at Stockton, at half past three, to go to Detroit. I didn't think a thing about it—always had a poor memory," he added lamely. "That man over there knows the road, and says I could easily make connections for Detroit at Chase's Crossing, if there were any way of getting off. Trouble is this is an express, and goes right through; but he suggests that I pull the rope and stop the train when we get there, you know." Tommy tried to speak carelessly, but Marjorie was not to be deceived.

"How do you dare?" she gasped. "Isn't that a penitentiary offense, except in case of fire or something like that?"

"Yes, I know," admitted Tommy; "but one of my uncles is a director of this road,"—he hoped Miss Dallam didn't know to the contrary,—"and he could pull me out of any little difficulty that might come up. Besides, it's a worse case than fire for me; I am down for two solos at the concert

to-night, and the fellows won't do a thing, but have fits if I don't turn up in time." He groaned inwardly at thought of the endless "guying" in store for him.

Miss Dallam looked at him steadily for a moment, and then laughed in spite of herself, to Tommy's deep relief. "Please pardon me," she said; "I didn't mean to, because I know you are taking a very dangerous risk, but——." A slight cough from across the aisle, and Tommy rose leisurely from his seat.

"Don't worry about me," he said in a low tone. "I am going back to the last car, now; we are coming to the crossing."

"Good luck go with you," said Marjorie, in suppressed excitement; "I hope you won't freeze; it is frightfully cold outside."

Tommy glanced down at his light-weight coat and thin slippers, and smiled grimly. But he said good-by, and strolled down the car with an air of light-hearted carelessness that might have moved a hardened criminal to envy.

Two minutes later there came a wild scream from the engine, followed by the grinding of brakes on iron wheels, and the mighty express slowly shuddered down into a full stop. As the conductor, with three brakemen close upon his heels, came rushing through the train, Thomas Titcomb slid quietly off the rear platform of the last car and shot madly down the track.

In another minute the ticket agent at Chase's Crossing was confronted by a wild-looking young man, with hair rumpled by the January wind and slippers full of snow, who explained that he had only fifteen cents with him, and offered a gold watch in payment for a ticket to Detroit.

. . . . . .

At one o'clock that night, when the members of the Glee Club returned to their private car in the railroad yards at Detroit, a familiar figure on the front platform hailed them with: "Good evening, gentlemen; just arrived myself. How was the concert?"

1900.

## EDITORIALS.

I.

IT has been, we believe, the custom from time immemorial,—which means in this case some half a dozen years,—to welcome the incoming freshman class formally through the pages of the Magazine. The Class of 1901 has already met the hospitable advances of the Christian Association, has received the delicate attentions of the Barn Swallows, and has come bravely out of the social whirl of the sophomore reception. Apparently it only remains for us to add our little quota. So for a few moments we put the editorial pen behind our ear, and extend you a hearty handshake through these columns. We are very glad indeed to see you with us, we rejoice in your rumored size, and we wish you all joy and prosperity through the coming year.

II.

THERE are three demands which the Editorial Board makes of the college public. First, take the Magazine; secondly, help make the Magazine; thirdly, go to the stores that advertise in the Magazine. Of the first, we would say that it is certainly the best method of showing your appreciation of the college publication. We take it for granted that you, as loyal adherents of Wellesley, do appreciate the Magazine. The price we think not over large considering the return we try to make you. In the second place, whether you take the Magazine or not, you will certainly feel additional pride and pleasure in it and yourself, if you are a contributor to its pages. Unfortunately we cannot guarantee to publish your contribution the first time or every time, but we can perhaps give you the prospect of ultimate success. At any rate we like to find out what you can do, and what may be your possibilities in the future. Articles, poems, and stories, begged or gratuitous, stir a well of gratitude within us.

Our great motive, however, is to make THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE thoroughly representative of the College life and spirit. To do this we must have the aid of faculty and alumnæ, and of all students, from seniors to freshmen. Especially we wish the younger classes to remember that the College Magazine cannot be a college magazine unless they help to make it. But

this remark applies equally well to everyone connected with the College. We appeal to all alike for co-operation.

As to our third point, we can simply say that advertising in the Magazine ought to bring increased trade from the subscribers. The firms whose names appear in our pages are thoroughly reliable and satisfactory, and we recommend them highly to your favor. For the convenience of new students, there appears in the first part of each month's issue of the Magazine a small map of Boston, giving the location of our advertisers.

SKETCH OF HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

III.

When we come back to college, our first glance round as we ride up from the station in the barge or walk up, chattering eagerly with a friend, is in quest of change. Anything new, from the much-needed repair of the board walk to alterations in the faculty body, attracts instant notice and comment.

Perhaps the most inspiring object in the way of novelty this fall is the new chapel. Last spring great excitement was caused by several "Woodman, spare this tree!" placards pinned up on the new location, and by the tender transfer of one or two especially shapely evergreens from the chosen site to a more secluded spot. Everyone expected immediate results. Never since the notice of the endowment was given, nearly a year and a half ago, had we discussed the new building with such interest and animation. All summer we heard no news of the progress of the work. But our faith in the working powers has been vindicated! The walls are rising so rapidly from the foundation, that some idea of the general plan of the building can be obtained from a visit to the spot. We are glad to see that as many trees as possible have been spared, and that they are well protected from injury, presumably under the auspices of our thoughtful Botany department. Meanwhile some discussion is going on as to the laying of the corner stone. Are we to have such a ceremony? and when is it to be? One morning during the first week of college, chapel was opened by the Scripture verses with which College Hall was dedicated, and a few appropriate remarks were made on the laying of the first corner stone at Wellesley. We were naturally expectant, hoping that these remarks had a bearing on the new chapel. It may be as a practical application of the doctrine of patience, that the announcement has not yet been made.

The location of the new Houghton Memorial Chapel has been much discussed and variously criticised, but most who know the facts of the case will approve the selection of the chapel committee. Our misnamed "Chapel" Hill, the slight rise on the left side of the walk from the Main Building toward the cottages, was far too small for the needs of the new building. Such a site would necessitate great expense in grading. The present location in the clump of trees almost opposite Music Hall, and directly east of Stone Hall, is in many ways the best place that could be chosen. As regards the other buildings, the village, cottages, and future dormitories, its position will be central and convenient. When finished it can easily be seen from almost any part of the college grounds, and especially well from the various driveways.

The chapel is to be built of sandstone, similar to the Art Building in color, while the foundations and approaches are of granite. It has the gen-

eral form of a Greek cross, the nave of which is lengthened at its southern end by a vestibule. Over the dome-like centre rises a lantern tower. Three doors are provided, on the east, west, and south ends of the cross. Mounting the terraces upon which the church stands, we shall find ourselves at a stately vestibuled entrance facing south. A flight of steps connects this vestibule with the gallery overhead, and an ornamental wooden screen cuts it off from the main part of the church. As the roof is supported not by pillars, but by four arches forming a dome overhead, there is nothing to block the view directly back to the platform. This platform extends slightly into the body of the church, so that a speaker's voice will carry easily through the whole building. Just to the right of the platform is a small robing room, and a similar space on the left has been reserved for the organ. All around the chapel runs a wainscoting of light-colored brick, and just above this are numerous windows to brighten the interior. The furniture is to be simple, and the windows of plain glass. It has been suggested that future classes intending to make gifts to the College, would do well to confer with the chapel committee for information on stained-glass windows, a reading desk, the President's chair, and other objects of use and adornment. It is hoped that the alumnæ fund will provide an organ.

The seating capacity of the church will be nine hundred, so that our needs in this, as in every other particular, seem adequately provided for.

IV.

Physical as well as spiritual needs have been recognized by the forces at work through the summer. The tea room in the village, opened this fall by two of our younger alumnæ, is modeled in every way to meet the wants—the peculiar wants—of this community. They have taken rooms in a comparatively new business block on Central Street, built originally for a restaurant, and having all the advantages of modern appointments. They have also rented all the rooms on the second floor, eight or ten in number, fitted them up as bedrooms, and hold them in readiness for their own and the college guests.

Meals are provided at all hours, and orders filled for every kind of social function, from the Christian Association reception to a spread; while

their special Southern dishes, their stock of home-made candies, jellies, and preserves give them the character of a woman's exchange. The need of such an establishment it is unnecessary to point out to a college public. Its thriving business has already given it a *raison d'etre*, while those who recall the state of affairs last June, when no such opportunity of rest and refreshment was offered to guests of the college who could not be accommodated on her grounds, will be heartily in sympathy with this effort to meet those needs at all such times.

Our college graduates should be peculiarly well fitted for such a task, not only because they appreciate the situation, but because their capacity for undertaking any kind of work has been increased by their college training. Though they realize with the rest of us that the experimental nature of such an undertaking is its least favorable side, and that they are giving the best that is in them to something which they can scarcely regard as in the direct line of future work, they may still be commended for letting some natural inclination toward this kind of work lead them to take advantage of most favorable circumstances, and for the brave and successful efforts they are making to do well what necessity offered as the best thing to do.

## JOTTINGS.

Some seniors who belong to a unique class in philosophy, have lately been boring their friends to death in their thirst for knowledge. They are not content with going in for heavy literature and taking walks absorbed in scientific discussions. No! they go further, and visit their afflictions on their acquaintances. If you meet two caps and gowns absorbed in self-analysis or eager debate, avoid them while you have the chance. Otherwise you may find yourself pinned against the wall by two determined enthusiasts, and while you are utterly helpless and at their mercy, they will crush you with this query: "Do you think you have a soul? Yes? Well, what makes you think so?"

This philosophy class has a prototype in the famous though hackneyed Psychology Baby, for it is an object of experiment and a constant source of interest and amusement to its instructor. That esteemed member of the faculty who directs the work was lately rash enough to assign

a paper on the soul. After hearing three papers read in class next day, she remained for a moment in a profound study, and then thoughtfully remarked, "I wish I had not asked you to write these papers."

It is not often that the ideas of faculty and students coincide to such a remarkable degree as in this instance, but I know of a case where the instructor showed at least a sympathetic understanding of the student's point of view. Some of you may have heard the story already. For the benefit of the others I will say that it is a true tale, but as the chief actors have left the stage, don't try to guess names. A few years ago Tabitha Grey was one of the demurest girls in college. Before people knew her well they always thought she was a little saint, and she impressed all the faculty—without meaning to do it at all—with the idea that she was a model young lady. Some of the shrewdest among those august beings, however, realized later on that she couldn't be quite a perfect creature since she was so popular among the girls. Her best friends regarded it as an immense joke that anyone should ever be so stupid as to think Tabby "good." "But then," they would affectionately remark, "she isn't half bad either." But to come to the point; one day Tabitha got a jolly little note from a very nice cousin of hers, who, as he was traveling rapidly toward forty, might fairly be considered safe. Of course she sent a cheerful reply in the affirmative, and sped in town on the 12.19 with a glad heart. First they had lunch at Young's; then saw Francis Wilson in one of his absurdly laughable productions; then, after a delightful carriage drive through the park system, came back at dark to the Copley Square for supper. Tabby had herself advised this hotel as being a quieter place, and generally more suited to her tender years. As it was growing late they hurried in and took the first chairs. She was laughing at some joke of her cousin's as she sat down and took off her gloves, but the smile died as she glanced up and saw just at the opposite table the much-dreaded Miss Garston, professor at the college. However, Tabby had plenty of spirit, so she set her teeth and resolved to enjoy her fun to the utmost. And enjoy it she did; for how could anyone resist Cousin Dick's jokes and good humor? So it came to pass that she forgot entirely the threatening teacher over the way, and the two set out to take the 9.25 train at Columbus Avenue in the highest of spirits. As ill luck would have it the car was

crowded, and she finally had to sit down just in front of this same serenely smiling member of the faculty. "Well, if she didn't see me before, she can't help it now," groaned Tabitha, inwardly. Now, I think that even Tabby would have dreaded the coming ordeal if she hadn't had such a good time. But, as philosophy teaches us, when two ideas fight for supremacy in our minds that which interests us most always comes out triumphant. So this sensible college girl banished the future and dwelt on the memories of the past. However, the thought of the future survived the conflict, and came into prominence again when the train drew up before the glimmering lights of Wellesley. With great presence of mind and a keen eye for Miss Garston's movements, Tabitha descended from the other end of the car. She hastened to a small closed carriage, and bade the man drive her "right up to College Hall." I fear that the man was somewhat obtuse, for he disappeared, and then in a moment opened the carriage door to admit Miss Garston. After an astonished gasp Tabby sank back and prepared for the worst. It came: "Ah, Miss Gray," in a clear, quiet voice, "I saw you on the train, and wanted to speak to you very particularly. I wish you would tell me about this new institution, the Barn Swallows. You are much interested in it, aren't you?" And no rebuke was ever administered.

## FREE PRESS.

I.

Not long ago I was talking with Mrs. Durant about college matters, and among other things we spoke of the life of the girls. Mrs. Durant turned to me and said most earnestly: "I don't know what to do about the girls not attending church. Often and often I come to church and see only a comparatively few seats filled. I make allowances for those attending other places of worship, but I know our chapel is not large enough to seat all the girls. I realize that there are many who do not go anywhere. In fact I see and hear them on my way to and from the chapel. I wonder," she went on, "if the girls realize that when we took away the regulation requiring attendance at church, that it was plainly stated that they were expected to attend some service. We left it as an honor obligation, and I thought the girls would respect it. It is really binding, you know." What could I say?

We owe more to Mrs. Durant than we can realize. We can never hope to repay her for what she has given us, things which we could never have had without her. Can we not do more to show our appreciation of her kindness? Let us then for her sake, if not for our own honor's sake, respect this obligation.

ONE '98.

II.

WE have come back to college to homes of one room or two, so close to other small homes that our comfort depends much on each other. In most of these rooms it is necessary to leave the transom open at night unless one wishes to wake with a headache; and in most of them, again, it is impossible to sleep at all, much less with the transom open, before half past ten. The choice is between two evils, but as we are feeling fresh after the vacation we don't mind very much shortening our sleeping time. As we lie in the forced awake condition, though, and hear door after door bang and skirt after skirt swish ostentatiously down the corridor, we do hope that after a week or two our friends will learn to say good-night to each other without telling the whole corridor of it; and that perhaps, when other people have suffered, too, from being kept awake, it may become the custom to close one's transom and lower one's voice below the scream at late evening parties. We don't think anybody means to be rude any more than we meant to be the night before, but we should very much like to make a compact with our neighbors distinctly to mean that they shall be able to sleep after nine, or at least half past, if they will but do the same for us.

F. H. R., '99.
*For herself and others.*

III.

As one comes back to Alma Mater for one's senior year, and looks, with eyes already shadowed by the coming parting, at the campus, the woods, the lake, a deeper love and reverence for it all comes necessarily into one's heart. Perhaps it is for the same reason that any discordant note stands out with peculiar prominence. The one of which I am thinking, and which seems to me to create so much discord in our midst, is *college gossip*. We come here

presumably to fill our minds with thoughts wise, and good, and beautiful. We live in an atmosphere of books, where the riches of literature, philosophy, and science are always open to us; why then should we be so at a loss for topics of conversation that we must needs turn to the doings, or supposed doings, of our friends and acquaintances, and criticize them so severely? I suppose the spirit of rivalry between societies is accountable for many of the harsh comments passed upon the intimacies always springing up around us, but these comments are often heard from and about non-society members. The best and purest friendships must have beginnings, and these beginnings are sometimes very sudden and unexpected. Why should the worst construction be put upon them? Why should a senior and a freshman, a society member and a non-society member, be forced to run the gauntlet of such scathing criticism if they happen to be congenial and like each other's company? It seems to me that the undertone comments, the shrug of the shoulders, the uplifted eyebrows, all indicative of something too dreadful to be spoken of openly, are becoming more common among us every day. Surely this is a sorry habit to take back to our homes, and surely it is unworthy of every Wellesley girl. Shall we not think the best, at least, until we *know* the worst? '98.

IV.

A HEARTY protest is abroad in the Class of '98 in regard to the use and abuse of her one emblem of senior dignity,—the cap and gown. We have been in college three years; we have watched three successive classes drape themselves under the tassel, and have kept our opinions and resolves to ourselves. They are now secrets no longer. We appear as those examples in '95, '96, and '97 have taught us to appear,—and behold the marvelous differences in interpretation. With some of us this emblem is a useful addition to our wardrobe. It is our village calling costume, shopping attire, walking suit, evening gown, and morning wrapper,—as indispensable as a new ring. With others among us it is merely a convenient addition to our stock of outside garments. We don the gown as we would a jacket, with no reference whatever to our head gear. We clap on the cap as if it were a sailor or a tam, regardless of its combination with evening dress or shirt waist unshadowed by the gown. Many do so unconsciously. They are not

among those of us who by long thought have prepared themselves for this day. Others, acting by principle, abjure the gown without the cap, or *vice versa*, and hold as a totally foreign instinct the ideas of their friends on the subject. We who dedicate our humble opinions to those who regard the cap and gown as one article of apparel, to be worn only within the college grounds, feel the vanity of making any remonstrance in regard to anything so wholly a matter of opinion, but our feelings must have vent. We look upon the cap without the gown as a monstrosity which Cotrell and Leonard would refuse to manufacture rather than have taken as their work. The gown without the cap strikes us as a much less serious matter, but still worthy of condemnation. Their use for any reason outside the college grounds or upon the first day of the week is inexcusable.

We regret the necessity of such strong language, but feel it only fair to ourselves and the public who watches us to declare our opinions.

'98.

## EXCHANGES.

The few college magazines which have appeared for the month of September contain absolutely nothing worthy of note.

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

*Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.* Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 42–44 Bond Street, New York.

The September number of "Frank Leslie's Monthly" contains an article of interest to all members, past, present, or prospective, of our College; an article on Wellesley, written by a Wellesley student, Miss Virginia Sherwood, '96. Its few pages call up for the old girl familiar places and changed conditions; for the new girl, places and conditions as she may, for a year at least, expect to find them. The article is well written, touching, as it does, on so many phases of college life, describing so accurately its surroundings. It is full, entertaining, and, as far as is possible in an article of its length, adequate. It is illustrated throughout with photographs of private rooms and of bits of natural scenery about the College. The reader will thank Miss Sherwood for a pleasing picture of Wellesley and Wellesley life.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Freshman Composition*, by Henry G. Pearson, Instructor in English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Introduction by Arlo Bates. D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston.

*Cymbeline*. Edited by Alfred J. Wyatt, M.A., Sometime Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. Examiner in English at Victoria University. The Arden Shakespeare, Heath's English Classics. D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, 40 cents.

*The Tempest*. Edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A., Sometime Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford; Author of "Shakespeare and his Predecessors." The Arden Shakespeare, Heath's English Classics. D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, 40 cents.

*Enoch Arden and The Two Locksley Halls*, by Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Calvin S. Brown. D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, 35 cents.

*De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe*, with Introduction and Notes by George Armstrong Wauchope, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Iowa. Heath's English Classics. D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, 30 cents.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

*Sept. 15.*—The doors swing inward. Nineteen Hundred and One appears and takes possession.

*Sept. 16 and 17.*—The usual first week confusion. Arrival of late comers. Joyful reunions at the station and in the corridors.

*Sept. 18.*—The Christian Association held its annual reception to the freshmen. Nineteen Hundred, for the first time, feels the responsibility of the chaperon's part.

*Sept. 19.*—Flower Sunday. Sermon in the chapel by the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, who preached the first Flower Sunday sermon twenty years ago. In the evening Dr. Pentecost again held service.

*Sept. 21.*—The great event,—'98 appears in cap and gown. Recitations begin.

*Sept. 26.*—Dr. Ryder, of Andover, preached in the chapel.

*Oct. 2.*—The Current Topics Course opened by Mr. Stimson's lecture on "Injunctions."

*Oct. 3.*—Dr. Ryder held service in the chapel at the usual hour. At 7.30 P. M. Miss Saritsa Kara E. Vanava, of Bulgaria, gave an interesting talk on her native country.

Miss Elizabeth Denio is very likely to be the first woman to secure a degree from the University of Berlin. Her prospects are said to be excellent. She has been taking a course in the history of art under Professor Frye, and has made some original investigations which are of great value in that line of research, and which have commanded the respect and admiration of the art critics and artists, as well as the university faculties. Her reports have been published by the government, and are accepted as standard authority. For this reason it is believed that when she makes an application next year for the examination for a degree it will be granted; and there is no question as to the outcome, although she has never been formally matriculated, and is not officially recognized as a student at the institution.

Those of us who came back Friday or Saturday of the opening week and found our friends doing Christian Association work, too busy to stop for even one word, have perhaps little idea just how much really was done during those first days. The Reception Committee began to arrive early Tuesday morning, to find the President of the Association already here, hard at work; but they too were ready for work at eight o'clock Wednesday morning. "Work" meant the receiving of newcomers at the station, the welcoming them at the entrance of College Hall, and then the guiding of them through the corridor mazes to their rooms. Girls also stood at the door of the Dean's office and the Secretary's, to make sure that each person was in the line where she belonged and entered the office in her turn. Several others were always to be found in the Information Bureau. All made an especial effort to see that no stranger went without a meal for lack of knowing where the dining room was, or slept on a bare mattress because her trunk was still a minus quantity. In short, work during those days meant doing what we should like some one to do for us if we were strangers and alone in this bewildering place. The girls who met trains were on duty Wednesday only, but those who met strangers at the door and those who

stayed in the Information Bureau were busy from Wednesday morning until Saturday night. From thirty to forty girls came back early to help in these ways, all of whom were working with the Reception Committee. Those who met new students at the door were sophomores, as has been the custom, but this year they represented the Christian Association as well as their class. During the summer the members of the Reception Committee wrote in the name of the Association personal notes of welcome to all incoming students; and not the least interesting part of the work this fall was the meeting of those to whom the notes were sent. If the new girls were one half as glad to hear a familiar name when introduced to us as we were to find them, the plan of note writing certainly fulfilled at least our purpose. The regular work of the week ended Saturday evening with the usual reception; but the many pleasant acquaintances which we had already made among the new students will, for a very long time, keep the girls of the Christian Association from feeling that they then reached the end of their interest in 1901 and those who entered with her. To be able to give each and every one a hearty welcome to the work and fellowship of the Christian Association, is perhaps the only thing which can deepen and broaden that interest.

M. M. Y., '98.

NOTICE.—I have no names for two Partridge Tree Day pictures, which are left over. The pictures are numbers III., Mary Haskell, and IV., the Freshmen. Will the student or students who ordered these pictures please call at 1 Norumbega and get them? FLOYD SMITH.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

The first entertainment of the Barn Swallows was given in the barn, Saturday, October 2. "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works" was very successfully presented. The committee consisted of Misses Bennett, Faculty, Grenell, '98, Dodd, '98, Black, '98, Burton, '99, Bogart, '99, Abercrombie, 1900, Halsey, 1900. The following took part in the programme:—

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| Mrs. Jarley . . . . . | Miss Dodd, '98. |
| John . . . . . | Miss Vose, '98. |
| Peter . . . . . | Miss Morse, '99. |

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| Little Nell | Miss Bach, '98. |
| Mrs. S. A. Winslow<br>Dwarf | Miss Howells, '98. |
| Capt. Kidd and Victim | Miss Ridgeway, 1900. |
| Siamese Twins | Miss Chapin, '98. |
| Simple Simon<br>Boy stood on the burning deck | Miss Knox, 1900. |
| Senior | Miss Burton, '99. |
| Sophomore<br>Walking Doll | Miss Bogart, '99. |
| Signorina Wilhelmina<br>Howlina Squallina Patti<br>Topsy | Miss Bissell, 1900. |
| Chinese Giant<br>Freshman | Miss Charlton, '98. |
| Junior<br>Alexander the Great | Miss Black, '98. |
| Maniac<br>Bluebeard | Miss Hall, '98. |
| Mermaid<br>Giggling Girl | Miss Walker, 1900. |

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held September 25. Miss Ethel Bowman, Miss Alice Cromack, Miss Kathryn Fuller, Miss Alice Harding, Miss Alice Knox, Miss Edith Lehman, Miss Anne Miller, Miss Jessica Sherman, and Miss Rowena Weakley, of 1900, were received into the Society. The programme of the evening was as follows:—

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|---|---|
| I. Shakespeare News | Corinne Wagner. |
| II. Song. "Ye Spotted Snakes" | Margaret Merrill. |
| III. Paper. "The Fancy in the Fairy Element in 'Midsummer Night's Dream'" | Mary Spink. |
| IV. Dramatic Representation, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III., Scene I. | |

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| Bottom . . . . . | Miss Oliver. |
| Quince . . . . . | Miss Wagner. |
| Snout . . . . . | Miss Frazee. |
| Puck . . . . . | Miss Gilson. |
| Titania . . . . . | Miss Sullivan. |
| Cobweb . . . . . | Miss Orton. |
| Peas Blossom . . . . . | Miss Merrill. |

Mrs. Prince, Mrs. George, Miss Allen, Miss Tufts, Miss Cheney, Miss Green, '94, Miss Wellman, '95, Miss Wells, '95, Miss Emerson, Miss Park, '96, and Miss Painter, '97, were present at the meeting.

The Agora held its regular meeting on Saturday evening, September 25. The following members of 1900 were initiated: Mary S. Barbour, Florence E. Loop, Edith H. Moore, Lucy M. Wright.

The Society Alpha Kappa Chi had its regular September initiation on Thursday evening, the thirtieth. The new members are Edna Foote and Florence Bailey, of the Class of 1900. The Society has adopted the following resolutions in regard to the death of Elizabeth Haynes:—

Whereas, our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call from this earthly life our dearly loved friend Elizabeth Haynes,

Be it resolved that we, the Society of Alpha Kappa Chi, of Wellesley College, hereby express our deep sorrow in the loss of one who, as our former president, so faithfully and lovingly led us, by the inspiration of her pure and beautiful character, to a higher realization of strength, beauty, and truth.

And be it also resolved, that we who admired her for her brilliant scholarship and loved her for her nobility and sweetness of character, extend to all who knew her best our heartfelt sympathy with their grief.

Whereas, the death of our dear friend Elizabeth Haynes is deeply felt by all those who knew her,

Be it resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to her family, published in The Wellesley Magazine, and recorded upon the books of the Society.

Signed,

Harriet W. Carter,
M. Edith Ames,
Grace M. Chapin,
*For the Society.*

September 24, 1897.

The Society Tau Zeta Epsilon held an initiation Saturday evening, October 2, at which the following were initiated into the Society: Cora J. Russell, '98, Florence Brentano, Carrie M. Harbach, Edith Norcross, and Eleanor Strong, 1900. Alice Norcross, '95, Edith Dudley, Warrene Piper, and Grace Dennison, '97, were present.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday evening, September 25. The following members of the Class of 1900 were initiated into the Society: Katherine Ball, Wilhelmine Bayless, Margaret Byington, Margaret Coleman, Marjorie Dutch, Hannah Hume, Ella Mason, Edna Mason, Mary Oliphant, Pauline Sage, and Lucy Wilcox.

At a meeting of the Phi Sigma Society last June the following officers were elected: president, Miss Sarah L. Doyle; vice president, Miss Mary Finlay; recording secretary, Miss Ruth Paul; corresponding secretary, Miss Martha Dalzell; treasurer, Miss Alice Reeve; Marshals, Miss Edith Mooar and Miss Mary Miller.

The initiation meeting of Phi Sigma was held in Society Hall, Saturday evening, October 2. Among the alumnæ present were Miss Montague, 79; Miss Bates, '80; Mrs. Ethel Stanwood Bolton, '94; Miss Mary Chase and Miss Elizabeth Stark, '95; Miss Abbie Paige, '96; Miss Dewson, Miss Goldthwait, Miss May, Miss Pinkham and Miss Shaw, of '97; Miss Eddy and Miss Coolidge, Specials. Miss Bernice Hall of the Beta Chapter was also present. The following were initiated into the society: Miss Louise McFarland, '99; Miss Geraldine Gordon, Miss Margaret Hall, Miss Oriana Hall, Miss Florence Halsey, Miss Marjorie Hemingway, Miss Mary Rockwell, Miss Cornelia Shaw, Miss Ethel Sperry, Miss Elizabeth Vogel, Miss Alice Whiting, all of 1900.

## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Alice M. Guernsey, '78, gives an interesting account of a visit to Edison and his laboratories in the *Golden Rule* of September 16.

Elizabeth S. Jones, '84, is studying at Chicago University.

Elizabeth L. Foote, '84–86, is the author of a new book entitled, "The Librarian of the Sunday School."

S. Lillian Burlingame, '85, will teach in the Humboldt High School in St. Paul, Minn.

Bessie Ballord, '87, is teaching German in the Randolph-Harrison School in Baltimore, Md.

Edith H. Gregory, '87, is teaching in Miss Bangs's and Miss Whiton's School, in New York City. She intends to do graduate work at Columbia.

Caroline R. Fletcher, '89, is studying for a Master's degree at Radcliffe.

Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89, is studying at the College.

Anne Bosworth, '90, retains the same position in the college at Kingston, R. I.

Mary Dransfield, '90, will teach in Denver this winter.

Esther Bailey, '91, has been traveling during the summer in the British Isles, Holland, and Belgium. She is now at Göttingen, Germany, for a year's study.

Minnie A. Morss, '91, who is spending the year abroad, was at last report in Geneva.

Genevieve Stuart, '91, will be in Brookline this winter. She will follow Mr. Dutton's training course at the Brookline schools.

Martha G. McCaulley, '92, is assistant in the English department of the College.

Fanny Bartlett, '93, is teaching in the High School at her home in Rockford, Ill.

Louise Brown, '93, is teaching in the Albany Female Seminary, Albany, N. Y.

Mary Brigham Hill, '93, took the M.A. degree at Radcliffe last June.

Maria Alice Kneen, '93, has returned to her school in Atlanta, Ga.

Alice Newman, '93, is cataloguing the library at North Adams.

Anna Peckham, '93, is studying Mathematics at Leland Stanford.

Adelaide Smith, '93, has taken the chair of Modern Languages in Alma College, Alma, Mich.

Annie Tomlinson, '93, is teaching History in the Brookline High School.

Laura Whipple, '93, is again teaching in the Kansas City High School.

Gertrude Angell, '94, is teaching in Buffalo.

Harriet Blake, '94, is teaching in Miss Hill's school in Philadelphia.

The engagement of Miss Grace Winchester Pew, who was for one year a member of '94, to Mr. David Brandon, of Thomasville, Ga., is announced.

Delia Smith, '94, has a business position in Chicago.

Florence Forbes, '95, and L. Constance Emerson, '96, spent Sunday, September 26, at the College.

Bertha March, '95, is living in Wellesley during October.

The engagement of May Merrill, '95, to Richard Billings is announced.

Bessie C. Mitchell, '95, is at her home in Manchester, N. H., this year.

Josephine E. Thorpe, '95, is tutor in the family of Mrs. Gano, Dallas, Texas.

Mary Chase, '95, and Clara Shaw, '97, have opened a tea room in Wellesley village.

Grace Waymouth, '95, is teaching in Atlanta, Ga.

Mabel Wellman, '95, is teaching in Brookline High School.

Iza B. Skelton, '95, is teaching in the Owensboro College, Owensboro, Ky.

Alzora Aldrich, '96, is doing graduate work at Radcliffe.

Jennie R. Beale, '96, is substitute teacher in the Girls' High School in Philadelphia.

Myra L. Boynton, '96, is teaching in the Methuen High School.

Josephine H. Batchelder, '96, is assisting in the English Department at the College.

Annie E. Cobb, '96, is teaching in Sharon, Neb.

Irene Kahn, '96, is teaching in the High School in St. Joseph, Mo.

Abbie Paige, '96, is secretary in the Brookline High School.

Cornelia Park, '96, is teaching in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

Frances Pullen, '96, Mabel Wells, '96, and Carlotta Sweet, '96, are studying at Johns Hopkins.

Martha Shackford, '96, is studying at Yale.

Annie K. Tuell, '96, is teaching Mathematics in Westbrook Seminary.

The engagement of Ada W. Belfield, '96, to Douglas Flood, Chicago, was announced the latter part of September.

Elva H. Young, '96, is entering upon her senior year in the Law College at Cornell University.

Jessie Alberson, '97, is teaching Mathematics, English, and History in the Marion, Ohio, High School.

Clara Alden, '97, and Miriam Hathaway, '97, are doing graduate work at the College.

Helen Atkins, '97, is teaching in the Manual Training High School in Denver.

Harriet Baxter, '97, is teaching in Fitchburg, Mass.

Florence Bennett, '97, spent Sunday, October 3, at the College.

Mabel Bowman, '97, is doing graduate work in Latin at Radcliffe.

Myrtle Brotherton, '97, is studying and teaching in Los Angeles, Cal.

Harriet Carter, '97, is doing graduate work at the College and assisting in the book store.

Ida M. Clark, '97, is teaching in Glendale, Ohio.

Julia Colles, '97, is assisting in the chemical laboratory at Smith.

Hannah Dana, '97, is in the Brookline Training School.

Gertrude Devol, '97, is teaching at Waterman Hall, Sycamore, Ill.

Grace Edgett, '97, is teaching in a private school in New York City.

Elizabeth Evans, '97, is teaching in the Dayton High School.

Daisy Flower, '97, is teaching Literature in the High School in Evansville, Ind.

Eva Guy, '97, is teaching in Miss Porter's School, Middletown, N. Y.

Florence Hastings, '97, is teaching in the Brewster Free Academy, Wolfboro, N. H.

Mary W. Dewson, '97, is conducting an investigation into the relation of domestic service to other industries (for the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston).

Ruth Hume, '97, is teaching in New Haven, Conn.

Louise Loomis, '97, has returned to her home in Japan.

Roberta Montgomery, '97, is teaching in the Royal Normal Institute for the Blind in London.

Florence Painter, '97, is in the branch department in the Boston Public Library. Miss Painter will live in the village during the winter.

Cora Pingrey, '97, is teaching in White Plains, N. Y.

Sara Seaton, '97, is teaching in Logan College, Russellville, Ky.

Mrs. Charles G. Goodrich, formerly Miss Annie Y. Shortle, is '97's class bride, and as such is the recipient of the class gift.

Florence Spring, '97, is assistant in the Littleton High School, of which Mr. William E. Cate, Harvard, '95, is principal.

Louise Stockwell, '97, is traveling in Europe.

Marie Whitney, '97, is teaching in the High School in Reading, Mass.

Florence Hutchinson, formerly of '98, is teaching in Irvington, N. J.

The following alumnæ of the College are enrolled among the faculty: Annie Sybil Montague, '79, Associate Professor of Greek; Katharine Lee

Bates, '80, Professor of English Literature; Charlotte Fitch Roberts, '80, Professor of Chemistry; Ellen Louise Burrell, '80, Acting Professor of Mathematics; Alice H. Luce, '83, Instructor in English; Bertha Denis, '84, Instructor in Mathematics; Helen A. Merrill, '86, Instructor in Mathematics; Ellen Fitz Pendleton, '86, Secretary; Carrie F. Pierce, '91, Assistant Reference Librarian; Jeannie Evans, Sp., '93–94, Instructor in Botany; Helen M. Kelsey, '95, Instructor in English and Mathematics.

The seventh annual meeting of the Maine Wellesley Association was held at Riverton, Me., September 2. The following officers were elected: president, Miss Hathaway, of Deering; vice president, Mrs. S. W. Johnson, of Waterville; treasurer, Miss Ethel Norton, of Portland; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Arthur Belcher, of Portland; recording secretary, Miss Mary L. Libby, of Portland; executive committee, Mrs. Edna Pressey Flagg, '94, Miss Nancy Flagg, Miss Frances Chapman, of Portland; toastmistress for '98, Miss Adeline L. Bonney, '94. After the business meeting a banquet was served, and all voted the meeting one of the most successful ever held.

The officers of the Chicago Wellesley Club for the ensuing year are as follows: president, Miss Ada Belfield; vice president, Mrs. Caroline W. Montgomery; secretary, Miss Christine Caryl; treasurer, Miss Theresa Newburger; executive committee, chairman, Mrs. Caroline W. Montgomery, Miss Ada Belfield *(ex officio)*, Miss Elizabeth Morse, Mrs. Chas. A. Weare, Miss Julia Lyman. The club has planned an interesting programme for the coming year.

The Buffalo Wellesley Club was organized March 30, 1897. The officers for 1897–1899 are as follows: president, Miss Mary L. Danforth; vice president, Mrs. Mary Bates Rhodes; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Mary Cobb Crosser; directors, Miss Marion Marsh and Mrs. Carrie L. Pennell.

The fourth annual meeting of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association was held at Wellesley on June 22, 1897. The vote for secretary and treasurer for two years, 1897–99, resulted in the re-election of Mabel Gair Curtis, '90. All membership fees, whether of five dollars or less, should be sent to her at 4 St. Botolph Street, Boston.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

The annual picnic on the College grounds to friends of Denison House was held June 24. Misses Reynolds, Pelton, and Wall, '91, accompanied a party of twenty adults and eight kindergarten children to the College. The children spent the afternoon on the campus; the older ones were interested to see the various buildings open to their inspection. Miss Dennison served lunch at Freeman, and every one went home refreshed and delighted, carrying with her great bunches of ferns and daisies.

Miss S. D. Wyckoff made a flying visit at the Settlement August 16–21.

Mrs. H. E. Hinchcliffe, Misses Angell, Foss, and Mix have been visitors at different times during the summer.

Miss Rousmaniere has continued her interest in the children's outings and flower work during the summer.

Miss Scudder and Miss A. V. V. Brown spent September 19 with Miss Dudley. Miss Scudder and Miss Dudley have been together a part of the summer at Shelburne, N. H.

Among the club leaders and teachers for the coming year, the following Wellesley girls are to be found: Miss Lane, '89, Miss Sherwin, '90, Miss Stuart, '91, Miss Keller, '93, Miss Converse, '92, Miss Isabel Bailey, Sp., and Miss Rousmaniere.

Miss Florence Painter, '97, has been in residence with us September 20 to October 1.

Miss Coman and Miss Edith Sawyer dined at the House September 30.

The Vacation School, under the supervision of Miss A. Bigelow, '93, has this year proved a great success. We quote from an article in the *Transcript* on the Tyler Street Vacation School: "It has been as a whole successful, showing a gain over former years in regularity of attendance, in discipline, and in quality of work done. Records show, for example, that the daily attendance, helped by persistent visiting of delinquents, was this year two thirds of the whole number of pupils registered, as contrasted with last year's proportion of one half. The aim of the instruction has been to supplement and continue the winter's training in mental habits, at the same time to stimulate in the children interest and desire for information in a variety of subjects not included in their ordinary course. The results have been most gratifying."

A meeting of the Buffalo Wellesley Club was held Thursday, September 30, at the home of Mrs. Crosser, on Bryant Street, Miss Mary L. Danforth, the president, presiding. The constitution of the Club, printed in blue ink on white paper, with a cover in Wellesley blue, was presented to each member. Some time was given to plans for the meeting of the Western Wellesley Association, to be held in Buffalo in October. The meeting was an enthusiastic one, and declared both pleasant and profitable by all present. The Club numbers about thirty members.

## NOTICE.

The Inter-society Rules, which were to have appeared in this number of the Magazine, have been unavoidably delayed, and will be published in the November number.

## MARRIAGES.

Buckham–Tyler.—In St. Johnsbury, Vt., Sept. 2, 1897, Miss Martha G. Tyler, '83, to Mr. Matthew H. Buckham, President of the University of Vermont.

Smith–Soule.—In Taunton, Mass., June 30, 1897, Miss Florence E. Soule, '89, to Mr. Henry Porter Smith. At home, 25 Harrison Avenue, Taunton, Mass.

Field–Jones.—In Brockton, Mass., June 9, 1897, Miss Lizzie L. Jones, '91, to Mr. John H. Field, of Dorchester, Mass.

Aiken–Squires.—In Cortland, N. Y., June 22, 1897, Miss Emma M. Squires, '91, to Mr. Charles W. Aiken.

Jones–Hunt.—In Boston, Mass., July 8, 1897, Miss Anna A. Hunt, Sp., '92–'93, to Mr. Everett S. Jones.

Hinman–Hamlin.—In Lexington, Mass., July 21, 1897, Miss Alice Hamlin, '93, to Dr. Edgar L. Hinman, of the University of Nebraska.

Rideout–Bisbee.—At Freeport, Me., Sept. 8, 1897, Miss Helen M. Bisbee, '95, to Mr. Benjamin W. Rideout, of Boston.

PRESTON–BROWN.—In Woburn, Mass., Oct. 6, 1897, Miss Emily H. Brown, '96, to Mr. Elwyn G. Preston.

GOODRICH–SHORTLE.—In Provincetown, Mass., Aug. 25, 1897, Miss Annie Y. Shortle, '97, to Mr. Charles G. Goodrich.

MOTLEY–MCCANNON.—At Carthage, Ohio, Aug. 11, 1897, Miss Edna B. McCannon, formerly of '99, to Mr. Charles P. Motley.

GILL–SHEPARD.—In West Mansfield, Mass., Sept. 2, 1897, Miss Mabel F. Shepard to Professor Gill, Instructor in Chemistry at the College, '92–'93.

## BIRTHS.

Aug. 31, 1897, in Hendersonville, N. C., a daughter to Mrs. Annie Bushnell Abbott, '84.

June 19, 1897, at Clinton, N. Y., a daughter, Elizabeth May Willis, to Mrs. May Smith Willis, '85.

July 6, 1897, a daughter, Constance, to Mrs. Elizabeth Slater Rogers, '88.

Sept. 28, 1897, in Waban, Mass., a daughter, Katherine Morgan, to Mrs. Belle Morgan Wardwell, '92.

Sept. 13, 1897, at Franklin, Mass., a daughter, Rachel Harris, to Mrs. Anna Reed Wilkinson Rathbun, '92.

Aug. 7, 1897, at West Point, a son, Chester, to Mrs. Flora Krum Harding, '95.

Sept. 30, 1897, at West Chester, Penn., a son, Francis James, to Mrs. Helen James O'Brien, '95.

## DEATHS.

In Cambridge, Mass., July 20, 1897, Deacon Alfred H. Wright, father of Mrs. Nellie Wright Howe, '84.

In Taunton, Mass., Sept. 13, 1897, Mrs. Caroline L. Soule, mother of Mrs. Caroline Soule Metcalf, '80, and Mrs. Florence Soule Smith, '89.

At Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1897, Charlotte E. Halsey, '90.

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Class of '90, Wellesley College, have lost our beloved classmate Charlotte E. Halsey,

*Resolved*, That we express our loss to her family and friends.

*Resolved*, That we extend our loving sympathy to them, and offer them the comfort of our own trust and hope.

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to her family and to THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and that they be entered upon the minutes of the Class organization.

Signed,

MABEL GAIR CURTIS,
SARAH JANE FREEMAN,
*For the Class of* '90.

At Jamaica Plain, Mass., Sept. 4, 1897, Mrs. Elizabeth McPherson, mother of Mrs. Alfred Schaper, '93.

In Franklin, Tenn., June 29, 1897, Mrs. Mollie Harrison Haynes, mother of Elizabeth Haynes, '96.

In Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1897, Elizabeth Haynes, '96.

IN MEMORIAM: ELIZABETH HAYNES, '96.

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom has called our dearly loved classmate into his presence, into the fellowship of those who read his purposes and find no sadness in them, we the Class of '96, mourning the youngest and earliest summoned of our number would record the following resolutions:—

That we mourn under the knowledge that there has come so soon upon us the first breaking of our class ranks, the first wholly sad realization of our separation from our Alma Mater, and from each other;

That while unspeakably saddened, we are at the same time gratefully strengthened in the memory of so true a classmate and friend, so ready a sharer in all that was bright and steadfast and earnest, in all that was thoroughly loyal to the great ideal of our humanity, the Christ-life;

That we find a high stimulus in the thought of her faith, which, in her years of work and happiness among us, we knew to be so exceptionally assured, and which was never marred or lessened through her last days, filled as they were with physical weakness, and with the sadness of separation;

That we would express our sympathy and that of her college to the immediate home circle, to whom this loss of daughter and elder sister has come so soon after the taking away of her mother's presence.

Signed,

Elva Hulburd Young.
Clara Rebecca Keene.
Isabella Howe Fiske.

At San Diego, Cal., Sept. 16, 1897, Rev. Ralza M. Manly, formerly Instructor in the English Department of the College.

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